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ALDINE

READERS

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# BOOK ONE

SPAULDING & BRYCE

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Revised Edition, 1916

# ALDINE READERS

## BOOK ONE

BY

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AND

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WITH ILLUSTRATIONS BY

MARGARET ELY WEBB



NEW YORK

NEWSON & COMPANY

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~~Bk. I~~

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(3)

## INTRODUCTION

THE content of this book is the content of the happy life of childhood. Here are bees, butterflies, and grasshoppers; here are birds — little birds in their nest; here are flowers — the dandelion, the daisy, the clover, the rose, the violet, the lily; here are pussy cats and pussy willows, mice and squirrels; here are ducks, geese, and foxes; here are spring, fall, summer, and winter, and the delightful things that each season brings; here are the sun, the moon, the stars; here are rain, ice, and snow; here are the meadows, the green grass, and the flying leaves; here are fairies, and a giant! here are the lullabies that dear mother sings to tired children; here are stories and events in which all these delightful companions of childhood take part. Children who read this book join the happy company — joyfully live the scenes in imagination, and eagerly enact them in dramatization.

This remarkable content is the product of many years of study and work with children; it has stood the test of thousands of schoolrooms in city and country; it has met



the delighted approval of hundreds of thousands of boys and girls of all the nationalities that go to make up Americans.

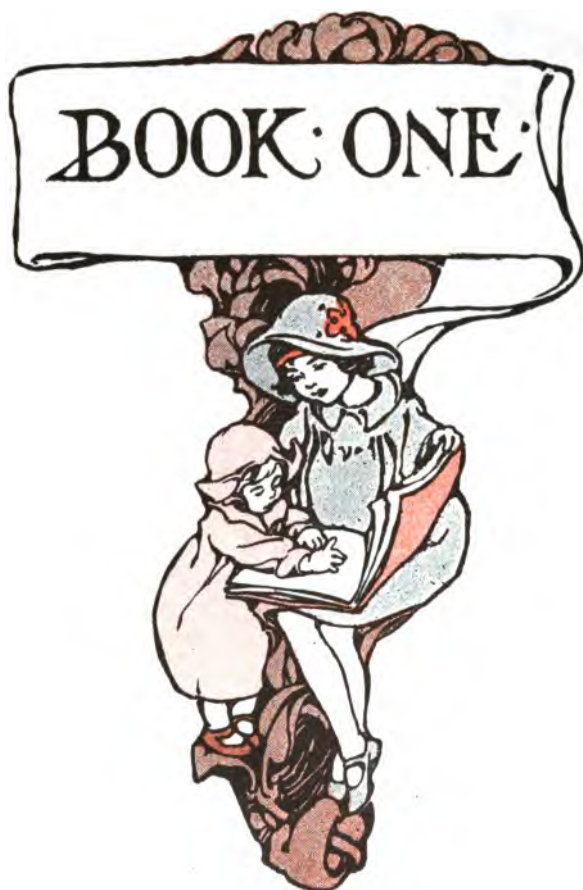
Far less obvious than the content, but not less remarkable, is the underlying plan of the book which makes it a most effective means of teaching children to read. This plan is based largely on a mastery of phonics, not as a system, but as a means of independent power in reading; it continues to make some use of the rhyme, the chief reliance in the Primer of this series, as a source of reading vocabulary; it makes much of dramatization and picture study; it correlates reading with experience, with oral language, and with spelling.

Like the content of this book, the method which it represents is the product of many years of study and experiment. This method has stood the test of thousands of classrooms throughout the country; it has proved equally successful in the large-city, closely-graded school and in the one-room, ungraded building; through it hundreds of thousands of children, non-English as well as English-speaking, have learned to read quickly and intelligently; it has met the hearty approval of tens of thousands of teachers who have used it. The Aldine method is fully explained in the Teacher's Manual, *Learning to Read*, a book full of detailed suggestions and directions.

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Fly, little birds, to the tall tree.  
Fly to your nest and little birds three.



Two little birds sitting on a hill,  
One called Jack,  
One called Jill.  
Fly away, Jack,  
Fly away, Jill,  
No little birds sitting on a hill.



(will)

hill

Jill

(tall)

called

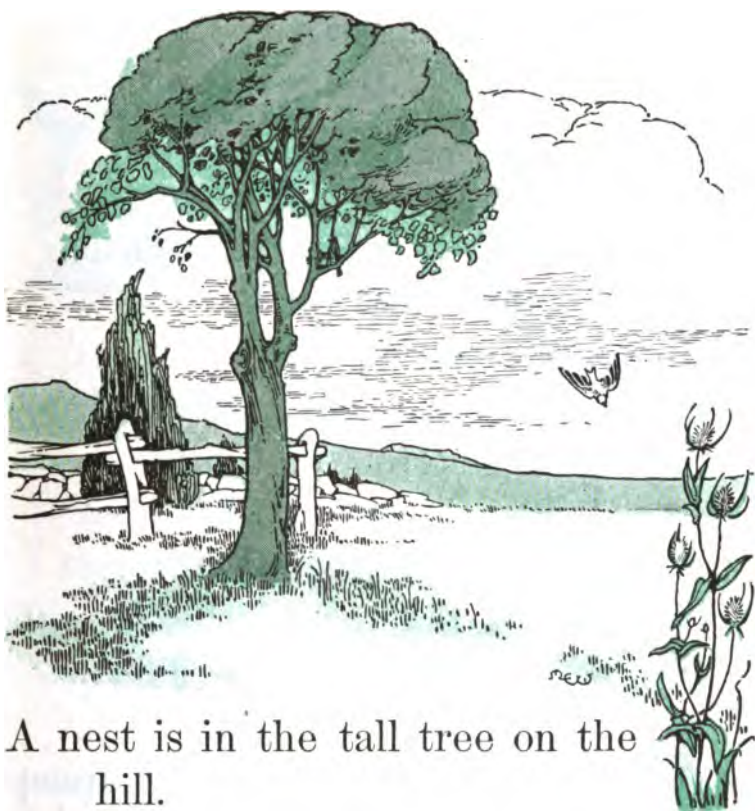
one

two

10

(it)

sitting



A nest is in the tall tree on the  
hill.

Jill is sitting in the nest.  
Jack is flying away.



father      good      mother

## THE ONE, TWO, THREE SONG

Jack and Jill were two little birds.

Jack was the father bird.

Jill was the mother bird.

One day they were flying around.

Bo-peep was sitting on a hill.

She called to Jack and Jill.

"Are you lost, mother bird ?

Are you lost, father bird ?" she said.

"No, we are not lost," said Jack.

"We can see our nest now."

"Where is your nest?" said Bo-peep.

"In the meadow," said Jack.

"In the tall tree," said Jill.

"What is in your nest?" said Bo-peep.

"Baby birds," said Jack.

"Three baby birds," said  
Jill.

"They are my birds."

"And they are my birds,"  
said Jack.

"I sing to my baby birds.

Can you sing, Bo-peep?"

"I can," said Bo-peep.

"I can sing a bird song.

It is called the one, two, three song.

I will sing it for you.

One nest is in the tall tree.

Two birds, Jack and Jill, I see.

In the nest are babies three."



“Good! good! good! Sing it again,”  
said Jack.

“Good! good! good! Sing it again,”  
said Jill.

“No, you sing it now,” said Bo-peep.

“I will sing it a new way,” said Jack.

“One nest is in the tall tree.  
Two birds, Jack and Jill, are we.  
In the nest are babies three.”

“Good! good!” said Jill.

“Good! good!” said Bo-peep.

“Come, sing it to the baby birds, Jack,”  
said Jill.

“Fly with me to the tall tree.

Fly to the nest.

Sing the one, two, three song to the  
baby birds.”

Come back, Jack,  
Come back, Jill,  
Two little birds sitting on a  
hill.



(Jack)  
back

(day)	party	(new)
May		flew

## THE PARTY

Today Bo-peep is having a party on  
the hill.

It is a doll's party.

Bo-peep has two dolls at the party.

May has come with her doll.

Two little birds have come to the  
party.

They are Jack and Jill.

"See the birds," said Bo-peep.

"They have come to my party."

"Fly away, little birds," said May.

"You may not come to the party."

It is not a bird's party.  
It is a doll's party.  
Fly away to your nest."  
Jack and Jill flew away.

"No! no!" called Bo-peep.  
"I want you.  
Come back, Jack.  
Come back, Jill.  
Come back to my party.  
It is a doll's party and a bird's party.  
Come back and sing at my party."

Jack flew back to the hill.  
Jill flew after him.  
They flew to Bo-peep.  
They were glad Bo-peep wanted them  
at her party.

## THE BIRDS FLY AWAY

"Come, baby birds.

Fly from the nest," said Jill.

"We can't fly, mother," said  
the birds in the nest.

"We are little baby birds."

"You can fly," said Jack.

"See how I fly.

Come after me."

One baby bird flew after Jack.

Two baby birds flew after Jack.

Three baby birds flew after Jack.

Jill flew away after them.

Now there are no birds in the nest in  
the tree.





## THE TWO MOTHERS

Mother Squirrel in her nest,  
Said, "My children are the best."



"The best children that I see,"  
Said Mother Robin, "are my three."

(nest)  
best

robin

(at)  
that



Mrs.        am        world

## THE BEST CHILDREN

*Teacher*

One morning Mrs. Robin went to call on Mrs. Squirrel. Mrs. Squirrel was very busy. She was making an acorn pie.

*Children*

“Good-morning, Mrs. Robin,” said Mrs. Squirrel. “Come in. I am glad to see you.”

“Good-morning, Mrs. Squirrel,” said Mrs. Robin.  
“How are you today?  
You look happy.”



"I am happy," said Mrs. Squirrel.

"How are you, and how are your three children?"

"Are they with you?"

"No," said Mrs. Robin.

"They are playing in the nest."



"Where are your children, Mrs. Squirrel?"

"They are playing on the ground with some acorns," said Mrs. Squirrel.

"Are they good children?" said Mrs. Robin.

“Good children!” said Mrs. Squirrel.  
“They are the best children in the world!”  
“No, they are not!” said Mrs. Robin.  
“My three children are the best children in the world!”  
“They are not!” said Mrs. Squirrel.  
“They are!” said Mrs. Robin.



*Teacher*

So the two mothers began to quarrel. “Don’t let us quarrel any longer,” said Mrs. Squirrel. “Here comes Mrs. Cow. We will ask her who has the best children in the world.”

*Children*

"Come, Mrs. Cow," called Mrs. Squirrel.

"I want you.

Mrs. Robin says her children are the best.

I say my children are the best.

Tell me, who has the best children in  
the world?"

"I will tell you," said Mrs. Cow.

"I have the best children in the world."

"You have not!" said Mrs. Squirrel.

"My children are the best children in  
the world."

"No, my three children are the best!"  
said Mrs. Robin.

"No, they are not!" said Mrs. Cow.

"They are not! They are not!"

"They are! They are! They are!"  
said Mrs. Robin.

*Teacher*

“Don’t let us quarrel,” said Mrs. Squirrel.  
“Here comes Mrs. Sheep. We will ask her.”

*Children*

Mrs. Robin called, “Mrs. Sheep, come to me !

Mrs. Squirrel says her children are the best children in the world.

Mrs. Cow says her children are the best children in the world.

I say my three children are the best children in the world.

Tell me, good Mrs. Sheep, who has the best children ?”

“I have,” said Mrs. Sheep.

“My children are the best children in the world.”

“They are not!” said Mrs. Cow.

“No, they are not!” said Mrs. Squirrel.

“They are not! They are not!” said  
Mrs. Robin.

“My children are the best children in  
the world,” said Mrs. Robin, and  
Mrs. Cow, and Mrs. Squirrel.

#### *Teacher*

A wise old crow who sat in a tree near by heard the quarrel. She flew over to Mrs. Squirrel’s tree. “Don’t quarrel, good mothers,” she said.

“I will tell you who has the best children in the world. Every mother thinks her children are the best, and every mother is right.

#### *Children*

“Your children are the best children  
in the world for you, Mrs. Robin.

Your children are the best children in  
the world for you, Mrs. Squirrel.  
Your children are the best children in  
the world for you, Mrs. Cow.  
Your children are the best children in  
the world for you, Mrs. Sheep.  
And my children are the best children  
in the world for me."

*Teacher*

"You are right, Mrs. Crow," said Mrs. Cow,  
Mrs. Sheep, and Mrs. Squirrel.

"Yes," said Mrs. Robin, "Every mother thinks  
that her children are the best children in the  
world, and every mother is right."

"My children are the best for me,"  
Said the mothers — one, two, three.

Robin, Robin Redbreast,  
Singing on the bough,  
Come and get your breakfast,  
I will feed you now.



bough  
get

Redbreast  
27

feed  
breakfast



(when)      thank      must      (red)  
then                  but                  fed

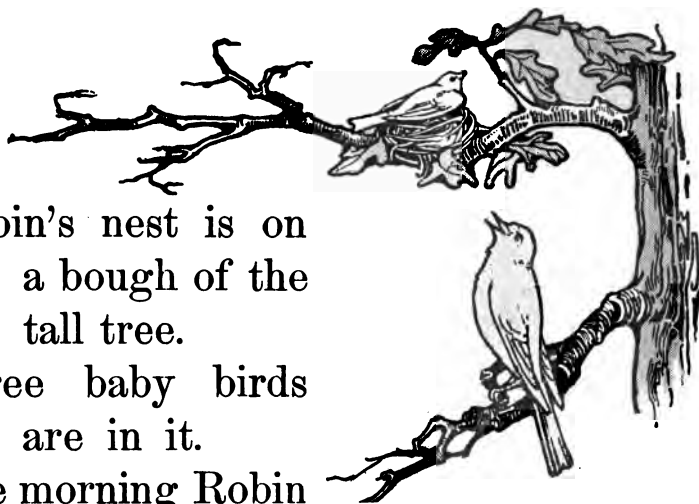
## ROBIN'S BREAKFAST

Robin's nest is on  
a bough of the  
tall tree.

Three baby birds  
are in it.

One morning Robin  
was sitting on a bough.

He was singing his morning song.  
The Mother Robin was on the nest.  
"That is a good song," she said.  
"But you must get breakfast.



The baby birds want breakfast.  
We must feed them now."

Robin flew to the ground.  
But the ground was bare.  
Then he flew back to the bough.

"Where is my breakfast?" said the  
Mother Robin.

"I can't find any breakfast today,"  
said Robin.

"You must find some breakfast.  
My babies must be fed."

Robin flew from tree to tree.

"I must get breakfast," he said.

"I must feed my baby birds.

But where can I find some breakfast?"



“Come, Robin Redbreast,” called Bo-peep.

“See what I have.

I have some breakfast for your baby birds.

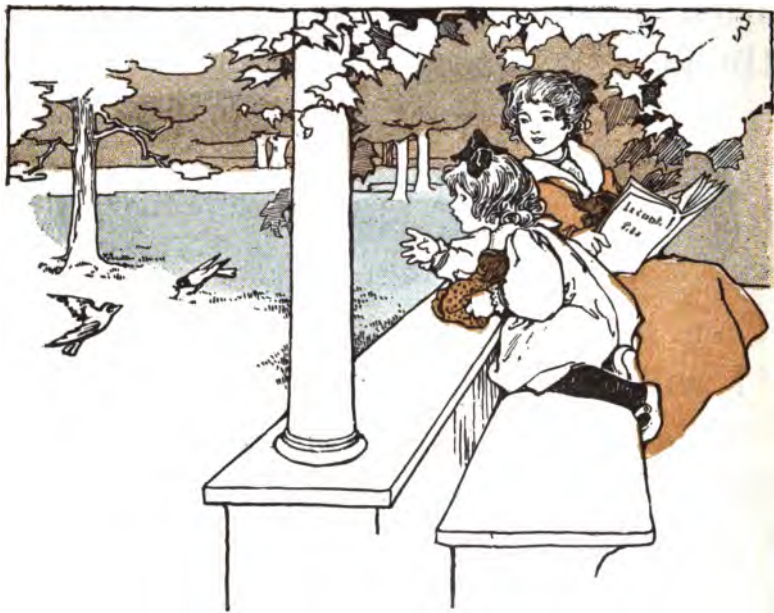
I have some breakfast for Mother Robin.

I have some breakfast for you.”

Robin flew to Bo-peep.  
Then he flew to the bough.  
He fed the little birds.  
He flew back to Bo-peep.  
Then he flew to the bough again.  
He fed the mother robin.

“Now I will get my breakfast,” he said.  
Robin flew to Bo-peep.  
She fed Robin Redbreast.  
Then he flew away to the bough.  
“I will sing to you, Bo-peep,” he said.  
“Thank you! thank you! thank you!  
Thank you for a good breakfast.  
I have fed the baby birds.  
I have fed the mother bird.  
They all thank you, Bo-peep.  
I thank you too.”

Little Robin, glad and gay,  
Singing in the happy May,  
When you come, the flowers grow,  
That is why I love you so.



(no)  
so

(blow)  
grow

(fly)  
why

love  
flowers

## THE ROBINS

It was a glad day in spring.  
Two robins were flying around.  
They were singing happy songs.

“See the robins,” said a little girl.

“They are so happy and gay!

How I love them!

They tell me it is spring.

Now the flowers will grow.

Other birds will come back.

I love the spring.

I love the spring flowers.

I love the singing birds.

That is why I am so glad to see the  
robins again.”

## THE SPRING

*Little Girl*

Little bird, little bird, up in the tree,  
Why are you singing that gay song to  
me ?

*Bird*

Little girl, little girl, why are you gay ?  
Why are you singing and playing to-  
day ?

*Little Girl*

Little bird, little bird, again it is spring ;  
That is why I play, that is why I sing.

*Bird*

Little girl, little girl, again it is May ;  
That's why I'm happy, that's why I'm  
gay.

## CRADLE SONGS

Rock-a-bye, babies,  
    on the tree-top.  
When the wind blows,  
    the cradle will rock.  
When the bough breaks,  
    the cradle will fall,  
And down will come cradle,  
    babies and all.

cradle	rock-a-bye	top
break	rock	soon
		down

Sleep and rest, sleep and rest,  
    Father will come to thee soon;  
Rest, rest, on mother's breast,  
    Father will come to thee soon.



Rock-a-bye, rock-a-bye, rock-a-bye,  
Rock-a-bye, babies, on the tree-top.



## THE BIRD'S CRADLE

A tall tree grows in the meadow.  
A nest is on one of the boughs.  
Three little birds are in the nest.  
The baby birds love the nest.  
They love the tall tree.  
But they love mother and father best.

The nest is the baby bird's cradle.  
The wind rocks the cradle on the bough.

Father bird sings to the little birds.  
"Rock-a-bye, birdies, on the tree-top.  
The wind rocks your cradle.  
The bough will not break.  
The cradle will not fall down."

Mother bird feeds her baby birds.

“Come, get your breakfast, little birds,”  
she sings.

“Now you must sleep in your little  
cradle.

Your father is singing to you.

He is singing in the tree-top.

Father loves you, baby birds.

Mother loves you, baby birds.

Rock-a-bye in your cradle.

Sleep, little birds, sleep.”



## THE LEAVES

“Come, little leaves,” said the wind  
one day,  
“Come over the meadows with me and  
play.”



leaves

over



## THE WIND'S SONG

I blow! I blow! I blow!

I blow over the meadows.

I blow the tall trees.

I blow the leaves away.

I call to the leaves.

“Come, little leaves, I say.

Come over the meadows with me.

Fly, little leaves, fly over the tree-  
top.”

saw	made	(sheep)	(cold)
could	grew	peep	old



## THE BIRDS AND THE LEAVES

An old tree grew in a meadow.  
Two birds made a nest in it.  
One day there were three baby birds  
in the nest.  
Mother and father bird fed them.

They grew and grew.  
But still they could not fly.  
They could not sing.

One day three little leaves looked into  
the nest.

They saw the baby birds.

"Come and play," said the leaves.



"We can't play now," said the birds.

"But we can fly soon."

"Then sing," said the leaves.

"Peep! peep! peep!" said the little  
birds.

One day the wind  
blew over the  
meadow.

“You must play  
with me, little  
leaves,” he said.

The leaves flew away  
with the wind.

They played all day.  
The birds called,  
“Come back,  
little leaves.

Come back and we  
will play with you.”  
But the leaves could  
not come back.  
They were asleep  
in the meadow.





Come, little birds,  
Stop your play.  
Snow is coming down,  
You must hide away.



hide

(top)  
stop

summer (and)  
land

## AWAY TO SUMMER LAND

### *Teacher*

All summer the birds lived in the old tree.  
Their wings grew stronger and stronger. Soon  
they could fly. Then how happy they were.

### *Children*

All summer they played in the meadow.  
They flew to the bough, then into the  
nest.

They flew to the ground, then up to  
the tree-top.

The wind rocked them.

The leaves played with them.

The flowers peeped at them.

*Teacher*

But at last the summer was over and the cold fall days came.

*Children*

The wind blew to the old tree.



“Come, little birds,” he said.  
“Summer is over. It is fall.  
The snow is coming.  
It is coming soon.  
You must hide away.”

The little birds flew away.  
They flew to the land of summer.  
They will hide in the land of summer  
till the spring comes back.  
Then they will fly back to the old tree  
in the meadow.





What does little birdie say  
In her nest at peep of day?  
“Let me fly,” says little birdie,  
“Mother, let me fly away.”

“Birdie, rest a little longer,  
Till the little wings are stronger.”  
So she rests a little longer,  
Then she flies away.

(song)  
longer  
stronger

(sings)  
wings

(get)  
let  
flies



## LITTLE BIRDIE

*Birdie:* Peep! peep! peep!

*Mother:* What does my birdie want?

*Birdie:* I want to fly from the nest.

Mother, let me fly away.

*Mother:* You can not fly, birdie.

Rest in the nest a little longer.

*Birdie:* I can fly. Let me fly out on the bough.

*Mother:* No, no, rest till your wings are stronger.

*Birdie:* My wings are strong.

Let me fly away now.

*Mother:* No, no, your wings are not strong.

You will fall to the ground.

You may break one of your wings.

When your wings are stronger, I will let you fly away.



(can)

ran

winter

## FEEDING THE SQUIRRELS

It was a cold day.

The ground was covered with snow.

The cold winds blew.

The trees were bare.

It was winter.

Baby ran out to play.

He saw three little squirrels.

They were running over the ground.

“What can the little squirrels want?”  
said Baby.

The squirrels ran to the oak tree.

“Are you looking for acorns?”



There are no acorns now.  
Stay here, little squirrels.  
I will feed you."

Baby ran to Mother.  
"Come, Mother," he said.



"Come out with me.  
There are three squirrels in the tree.  
They want some acorns.  
We will feed them.  
I have some acorns.  
Will you come with me, Mother?"

Mother ran out with Baby.  
There were the squirrels in the tree.

"Come, Squirrels," said Baby.  
"Here are some acorns."

The squirrels ran to Baby.  
They were glad to see the acorns.  
They ran to get some.  
They covered them with snow.  
Can you tell why?  
Then they ran back to the old tree.

(bare)  
care

(made)  
shade

(fast)  
last

(to)  
do



## THE SQUIRRELS

Two squirrels made their nest in an  
old oak tree.

All summer they played in the shade.  
They ran up and down the boughs.  
They played in the tree-top.



In the fall the leaves flew away.  
All the little birds flew away, too.  
They were going away for the winter.  
They were flying away from the snow.  
At last the squirrels are alone.

Must they go away, too?  
No, they do not care for the snow.  
They have a nest; they have acorns.  
They will be happy all winter.  
Spring will come again.  
Then birds and leaves will come back.

## SUMMER IS COMING

Summer is coming! Summer is coming!

How do you think I know?  
I found some pussy willows,  
So I know it must be so.

Summer is coming! Summer is coming!

This I know very well,  
For I found a sweet blue violet,  
And that is how I tell.

willows	pussy	this	(ground)
violet	sweet	(tell)	found
think	very	well	

## PUSSY WILLOWS

Summer is coming.  
I know it is.  
How do you think I know?  
Today I found some pussy  
willows.  
Pussy willows come to  
tell us winter is over.  
All winter they were asleep.  
But now they are awake.  
How glad they look!  
They know winter is over.





I know that summer is coming.  
Pussy willows say, "Summer is coming!  
Winter is over!"

I love the summer.  
And I love the little pussy willows.

## HOW WE GOT OUR FIRST PUSSY WILLOWS

It was a glad spring morning.

Some little pussy cats were out playing.

They were playing under the old willow tree.

Two little birds were in the tree.

They were singing a glad song.

They were singing, "Spring has come!  
Be glad! Be glad! Be glad!"

It was a sweet, sweet song.

It made the boys and girls glad.

Do you think it made the pussy cats  
glad, too?

No, they do not care for sweet songs.



They said, "Now we have some breakfast.

We will get the little birds."

They jumped up into the tree.

They ran from bough to bough.

The little birds saw them.

They flew away.

"We can't get breakfast here," said the pussy cats.

"We must look for some other birds.

We will jump to the ground."

But what do you think!

They could not get away.

They were growing fast to the tree!

They were no longer pussy cats.

They were pussy willows.

been  
came

tired

(glad)  
had



### LITTLE VIOLET

Little Violet was fast asleep.  
She had been asleep all winter.  
All winter she had been sleeping under  
the snow.

Now spring had come back.  
Bluebird was flying from tree to tree.  
He flew to the tree over Little Violet.

He was singing, "Dear Little Violet,  
come out, come out!



Get up! get up!

Are you not tired of  
winter?

Summer is coming! Sum-  
mer is coming!

I am tired of winter!

Tired of winter!

I love the summer! I  
love the summer!

Come, Little Violet, come  
up! I will sing to you."

Little Violet was tired of winter.

She was tired of the snow.

She wanted to come out.

She wanted to grow.

She wanted the summer.  
She wanted the birds to sing again.  
She was so glad when the bluebird  
called.

She awoke. She came out.  
She looked all around.

She saw the other flowers.

Winter was past; spring was here.



Dear little baby, close your eye,  
Close your eye so blue,  
Mother will sing to you, "Rock-a-bye,  
Baby and birdies, too."  
All little babies should be asleep,  
For the stars are shining through,  
And into the nest of all they peep,  
Babies and birdies, too.



shining  
through

close  
eye  
star

could  
should

## MOTHER'S SONG

It is night.

The stars are shining.

They are shining through the night.

They are shining into Robin's nest.

The baby birds are asleep.

The baby squirrels are asleep.

Now the stars peep in at Baby.

Baby is going to sleep, too.

She is so tired!

She has been playing all day.

She should be asleep now.

Mother is singing to Baby.

Baby likes mother's sweet song.

I think you will like it, too.

Here is the song.

“Rock-a-bye, baby

Now go to sleep.

Mother will sing of little sheep.

The little sheep run round and round.

The little sheep jump over the ground.

They run to the haycock.

What do they see?

Little Boy Blue.

Who is he?

Rock-a-bye, baby,

Are you asleep?

Mother is singing of little sheep.”

Now mother's song is over.

Baby's blue eyes close.

She is fast asleep.

Moon, so round and yellow,  
Looking from on high,  
How I love to see you  
Shining in the sky!



(soon)  
moon

high  
67

(tell)  
yellow





night	(singing)
tight	(shining)
light	(sleeping)
might	(peeping)
right	(playing)
bright	(rocking)
watch	watching

## THE MOON

### *Teacher*

One night as Mother was carrying her to bed, Baby saw the moon shining through the window.

### *Children*

“Look! look! Mother,” she said.  
“What is that in the sky?”

How bright it shines !  
How yellow it is !  
How round it is !”

“Why, Baby dear, that  
is the moon,” said  
Mother.

“Mother, I want the  
moon. May I have  
it to play with ?”

“No, no, no,” said Mother.

“No one can have the moon to play with.  
It must stay in the sky.

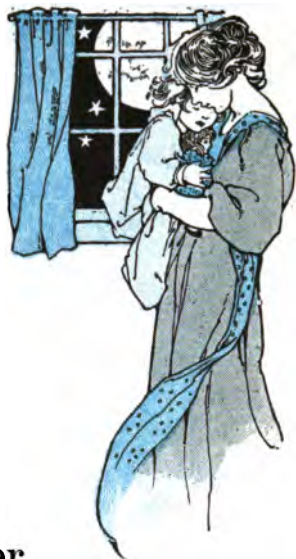
The sun shines in the sky all day.

The moon shines in the sky all night.

Now, close your eyes and go to sleep.

The dear moon will shine.

It will watch you all night.”





*Teacher*

Mother kissed Baby,  
tucked her in, and went  
away.

*Children*

One bright star was shining high in  
the sky.

It was peeping in at Baby.

Baby looked up at the star.

“Dear star, do you know the moon?”  
said Baby.

“It is so bright and so yellow.

I love the moon. I want it to come  
and play with me.

Will you tell the moon to come and  
play with me?”

*Teacher*

Now what do you think happened? The star  
laughed and laughed and laughed.

*Children*

“Yes, I know the moon,” said the  
star.

“The moon cannot play with you.  
It must shine high in the sky.

It must light the world.  
It must watch all night."

"What does it watch?" said Baby.

"It watches over the sleeping birds,"  
said the star.

"It watches over the sweet flowers.  
It watches over all the fathers and  
mothers in the world.

It watches over all the dear babies in  
the world.

The little stars shine, too.

They peep into the birds' nests.

They peep in at the babies asleep.

They look for babies who are awake.

They tell the babies to go to sleep.

Now, I have found you.

I am your star.

You must do what I tell you.

I want you to go to sleep.

Close your eyes and the moon will  
watch over you.

Close your eyes and I will watch over you.

Close your eyes and I will sing to you.

Good night,  
Sleep tight,  
Wake up bright,  
In the morning light,  
To do what's right,  
With all your might."

*Teacher*

Next morning Baby told Mother how the star had talked and sung to her. Mother said, "You dreamed it, dear, but it was a beautiful dream."

## A WISH

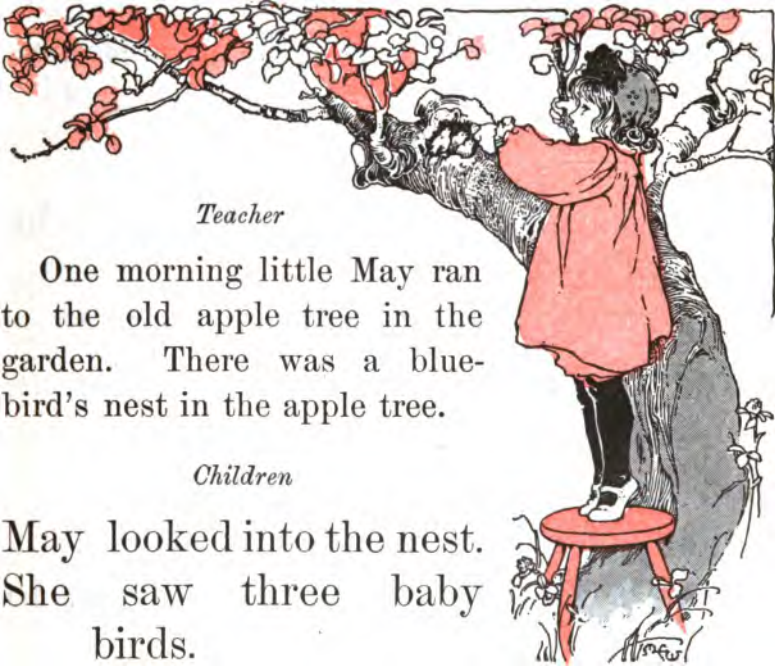
Star bright,  
Star light,  
The first star  
I see tonight,  
I wish I may,  
I wish I might,  
Have the wish  
I wish tonight.



wish

The wee star is a baby light.  
It shines and makes the world so  
bright.

## PLAYING STAR



*Teacher*

One morning little May ran to the old apple tree in the garden. There was a blue-bird's nest in the apple tree.

*Children*

May looked into the nest. She saw three baby birds.

"Good morning, baby birds," she said.  
"Close your eyes, and I will watch over you."



*Teacher*

Bo-peep came into the garden. She saw May looking into the bird's nest in the old apple tree.

*Children*

"What are you doing, May?" she called.

"Are you feeding the little birds?"

"No," said May. "I am playing star.

You know what the star does.

It looks for babies that are awake.

When it finds them, it tells them to go to sleep.

I found the baby bluebirds.

I told them to go to sleep.

That is the way I play star."

went

"See, there are the father and mother birds," said Bo-peep.

"They want to feed the babies. Come and look for flowers."

The two girls went to the meadow.

Bo-peep found some pussy willows.

"I know a pussy willow song," she said.

"Pussy, pussy, pussy,  
Mew, mew, mew,  
I know winter's over,  
And you know it, too."

"I know a violet song," said May.

"I wish I could find a violet."

She looked till she found one.

“Now I will sing my song,” she said.

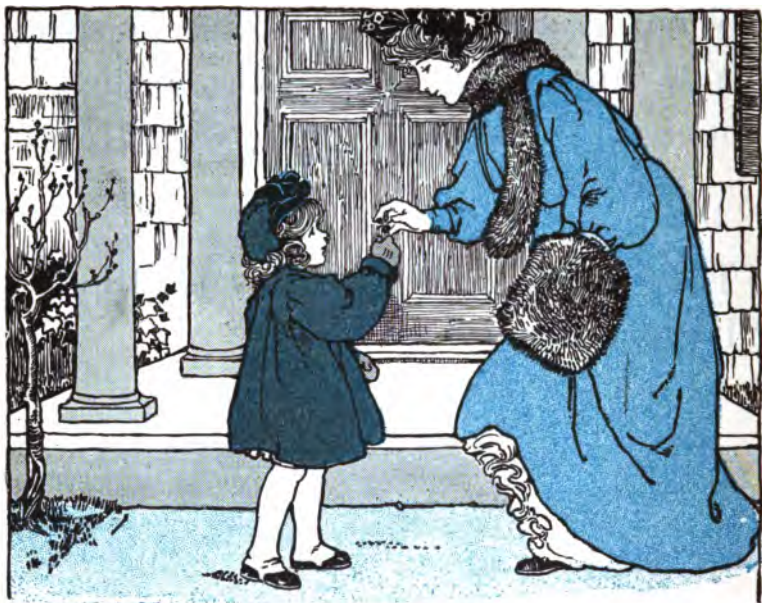
“Little violet, sweet and blue,  
Will you tell me what you do  
To make your eyes so very bright?  
And do you watch the stars at night?”



“What a sweet song!” said Bo-peep.  
“You must sing it to your mother.  
She will think it a very sweet song, I  
know.”

“There is Mother, now,” said May.  
“I must run to her.”





May ran with the violet to Mother.

"Here, Mother," she said.

"Here is a sweet blue violet.

I found it for you."

"Thank you, dear," said Mother.

"How very sweet it is!"

kite

help

Oh

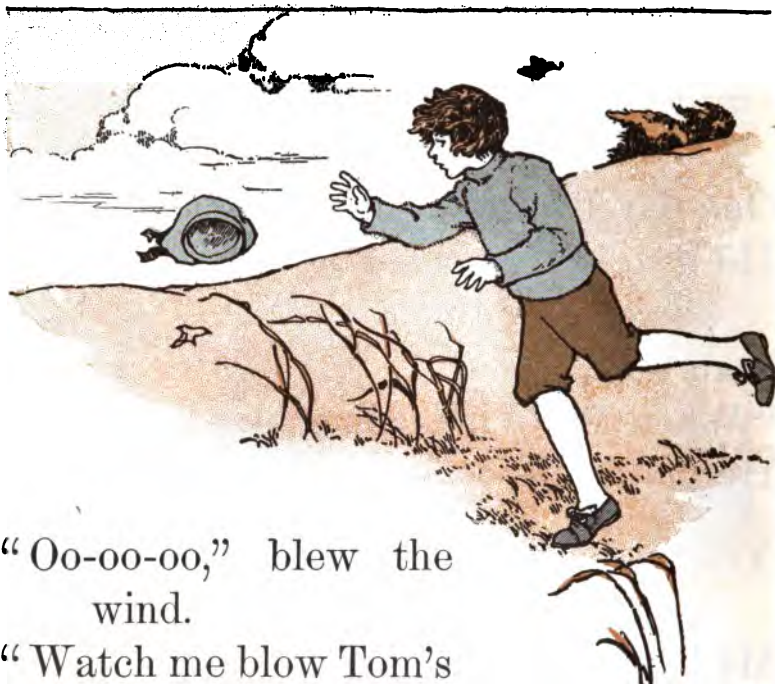
## TOM AND THE WIND

One day Tom went to the meadow.  
He watched the wind blowing the leaves  
from the trees.

Tom said,  
“When Mr. Wind comes blowing round,  
He makes the leaves fly to the ground.

Yes, Mr. Wind does make the leaves  
fly.

My! how strong he is!  
See how he blows the tall trees!  
He blows me too.  
He makes me run.  
But what fun it is!  
I love to play in the wind.”



“Oo-oo-oo,” blew the  
wind.

“Watch me blow Tom’s  
hat away.”

He blew, and Tom’s hat flew away.  
Tom ran after it.

“What a good day to fly my kite!  
I will get it,” he said.



Tom went for his kite.

“May I go, too?” said May.

“I want to see your kite fly.”

“You may come and help me fly my kite,” said Tom.



"The wind will help, too," said May.

Do you know how the wind helped?  
It blew the kite into a tall tree. .

Tom could not get it down.

"Oh! oh! oh!" said May.

"Do not cry," said Tom.

"Father will get my kite, I know."



garden      apple      daisy

## THE APRIL RAIN

The April rain is falling.  
It is calling to the flowers in  
the garden.



It calls to the violet, "Wake  
up, violet!"

It calls to the old apple tree, "Wake  
up, apple tree!"

It calls to the sleeping daisy,  
"Wake up, little daisy!"



See, the violet is awake.

The apple blossoms are awake.

The garden is awake.

It is spring!"

dandelion

blossoms

beautiful

(close)

rose

lily

loud

heard



## WAKING THE FLOWERS

*Teacher*

One spring Mother Nature said, "The flowers have been sleeping under the snow all winter. It is time for them to get up. Who will call violet, dandelion, daisy, lily, rose, and the apple blossoms?"

*Children*

“I will,” said the wind.

“I will sing a loud song.”

Mr. Wind blew into the garden.

“Wake up, dandelion,” he called.

“Wake up, sweet violet.

Wake up, apple blossoms.

Wake up, bright daisy.

Wake up, beautiful lily and rose.

Wake up, all flowers and blossoms in  
the garden.”



The pussy willows heard the wind.  
They peeped out.  
The other flowers heard the wind, too.  
“How the wind blows!” they said.  
“What a loud song he sings!  
We must not go out today.”

*Teacher*

“Well,” said Mother Nature, “the flowers are awake but they won’t come out. Who will tell them to come out?”

*Children*

“I will,” said the April rain.  
“I will call the blossoms to come out.”

The April rain fell in the garden.  
“Come out, little blossoms,” it said.  
“Winter is over, April is here.”

"Come out, violet and dandelion.  
Come out, apple blossoms.  
Come out, daisy, lily, and rose."

The flowers heard the rain.  
"Go away, April rain," said the rose.  
"You call too soon.  
I cannot come out in April.  
I am a summer flower."

"And so am I," said lily.  
"It is too soon for me," said daisy.  
"And it is too soon for my blossoms,"  
said the old apple tree.

Violet heard the April rain.  
"I will go out," she said.  
"It is not too soon for me."  
"I will go, too," said the dandelion.

Violet and dandelion peeped out.  
“How sweet the garden is!” they said.  
“We will go right out into the rain.”  
The rain fell upon them and they grew  
and grew.

*Teacher*

Mother Nature waited till the days grew warm.  
Then she said, “It is time for the other blossoms  
to come out. Who will call them?”

*Children*

“I will,” said the sun.  
“I will shine down on them.”

The sun called to the apple tree,  
“Apple tree, where are your blossoms?”  
“Here on my boughs,” said the tree.  
“Come out, blossoms,” called the sun.  
“We will,” said the apple blossoms.

Soon the boughs of the old tree were  
covered with sweet blossoms.

“Now I must call rose, daisy, and lily,”  
said the sun.

“Little blossoms under the ground,  
come out.”

“We will,” called the flowers.

They all peeped out.

They heard the birds singing.

They saw them flying in the garden.





“ Oh ! ” said the daisy, “ there are violet  
and dandelion.

How glad I am to see you !

I will grow right here in the garden  
with you.

We will help to make the garden very  
beautiful.”



Now the garden was very beautiful.  
The apple tree was covered with  
blossoms.

Daisy, violet, and dandelion were bright  
and happy.

Lily grew taller and taller.

Rose grew sweeter and sweeter.

Happy birds flew through the garden  
singing glad songs.



heart  
voice

plant

buried  
wonderful

## THE LITTLE PLANT

In the heart of a seed  
    Buried deep, so deep,  
A dear little plant  
    Lay fast asleep.

“Wake!” said the sunshine,  
    “ And creep to the light.”  
“Wake!” said the voice  
    Of the raindrops bright.

The little plant heard,  
    And it rose to see  
What the wonderful  
    Outside world might be.

KATE LOUISE BROWN

full	(dear)	(rain)
music	hear	plain
darting	near	woodlands
	busy	

### THE SPRINGTIME

Now the days are full of music!

All the birds are back again;  
In the tree-tops, in the meadows,  
In the woodlands, on the plain.

See them darting through the sun-  
shine!

Hear them singing loud and clear!  
How they love the busy springtime —  
Sweetest time of all the year!

## TOM AND THE BIRDS

One morning Tom ran to Mother.

"Mother, Mother!" he called.

"The springtime has come!"

"How do you know?" said Mother.

"The birds have come back," said Tom.

"I saw so many in the garden!

They are singing their sweetest songs.

Come and hear them, Mother.

The garden is full of music!

Do come, Mother!"

Mother and Tom went into the garden.

Robins were calling from the tree top.

Bluebirds were darting around.

They were darting through the sunshine.

All were singing their sweetest songs.  
They were singing, "It is time all nests  
were made."

They were so busy and glad.

All wanted new nests.

Robin's nest was in the apple tree.

Bluebird's nest was near it.

How glad they all were!

The garden was full of music.

"I love the springtime," said Tom.

"I love to hear the birds sing.

Hear their glad songs."

"See them darting through the sun-  
shine!" said Mother.

"See how busy they are!

We must be busy like the birds.

We must be glad, too."

(sweet)  
feet

fair  
fairest

(kite)  
white

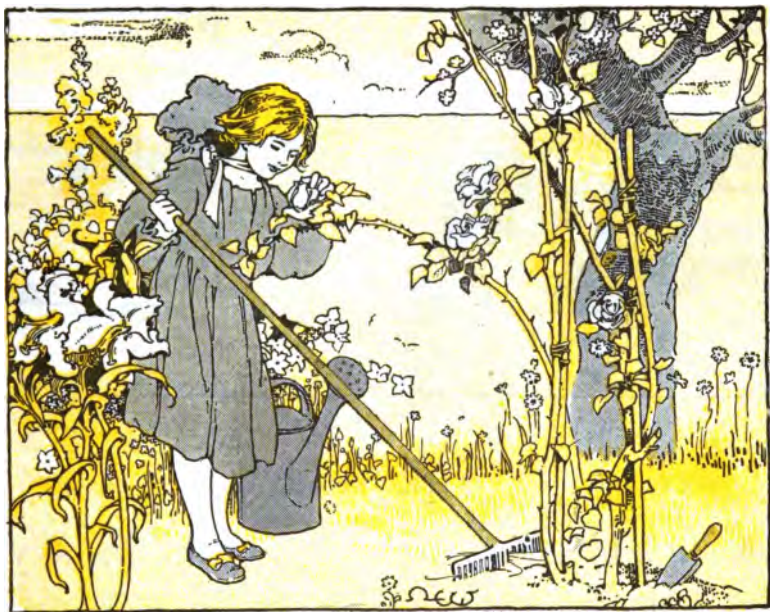


## THE ROSE

The beautiful summer is here at last,  
The snow and the winter days are  
past.

The flowers grow bright by the garden  
wall,

And the rose is the fairest one of  
all.



The apple tree's blossoms are fair and  
sweet,  
And the bright-eyed daisy that grows  
at its feet.  
The lilies white are fair and tall,  
But the rose is the fairest flower of all.



(hide)  
beside

live



### THE STAR

A bright star lived away up in sky-  
land.

At night she looked down at the trees.

She peeped into the birds' nests.

The baby birds were fast asleep.

She loved the dear birds.

She looked long at the sweet flowers.

The star loved them best of all.

She loved to shine on them.

One night Mother Moon saw the little star looking down.

“Bright star,” she said, “why are you shining on the flowers?”

“O Mother! they are so beautiful. I love them,” said the star.

“I should like to grow beside them.”

“Do you not love me, little star?”

“Yes, Mother dear, I do love you.”

“Do you not love the other stars?”

“Yes, I love them all, but I love the dear flowers best.”

“Then why do you not go to them?”

“Oh, may I, Mother? may I? Then I will, I will!

I will go now.

Good-bye, dear Mother.  
Good-bye, all the other stars.”

In the morning Mother Moon could not  
find this star in the sky.  
But a bright yellow dandelion was  
growing in the meadow.



butterfly  
fairy

never  
work

(must)  
just



### THE BUTTERFLY

Butterfly, butterfly, you're a fairy  
bright,  
Flying high, flying low, in the summer  
light.

Do you never work at all, butterfly so  
gay?  
Do you think the summer time is just  
a time to play?

eat	(live)	(think)
honey	give	drink

## FAIRY BUTTERFLY

One morning May saw a butterfly.

It flew into the meadow.

May ran after it.

“How beautiful it is!” said May.

“I wish it would come near.”

The butterfly rested on a flower.

May ran up to the flower, but the  
butterfly flew away.

It was soon out of sight.

“Oh, dear!” said May.

“I am so tired! and I did not get the  
butterfly after all!”



May lay down on the ground.  
It was very still in the meadow.

“Oh! there is the butterfly coming  
back.

It will rest beside me,” said May.

“Why, what do I see!

You are not a butterfly; you are a  
beautiful fairy.

What beautiful wings you have!  
I know you are the best fairy in the  
world.

How happy you must be!  
You never have to work.  
You just play all day long.  
I wish I were a fairy."

"Do you?" said the fairy.

"Oh, yes, dear fairy! I do! I do!  
Can you make me into a fairy?"

"I can, and I will," said the fairy.  
Then she said,

"Little girl, so glad and gay,  
Be a fairy for today."

Then, what do you think?  
May was no longer a little girl.  
She was a beautiful fairy.

She had bright, shining wings.  
How happy she was!

“Now you are Fairy May,” said Fairy Butterfly.

“Come, let us fly.”

Fairy May flew from flower to flower.  
She could fly very well.

Soon she said, “It must be noon.

What can I get to eat?

What does a fairy eat, Fairy Butterfly?”

“Honey,” said Fairy Butterfly.

“Where can I find honey?” said Fairy May.

“The flowers will give you all you want,” said Fairy Butterfly.

Just then Fairy May saw a tall lily.



“Come to me, Fairy May,” called the  
sweet white lily.

“I will give you all the honey you  
want to eat.

My honey is the sweetest in the  
world.”

Fairy May flew to the lily.

“You are right; your honey is the  
sweetest in the world.

Thank you for giving it to me.”



Fairy May flew away from the lily.

"I wish I had a drink," she said.

"That honey was  
too sweet.

Where can I get  
a drink?"

"Come to me,"  
said a bright  
yellow flower.

"I will give you  
all the dew  
you can drink."



Fairy May flew to the bright flower.  
How good the dew was!

"I know that is the best dew in the  
world," said May.

"Thank you, dear little flower, for  
giving it to me."

All day Fairy May flew from flower  
to flower.

"I love you, dear daisy," she said.

"Your eyes are so bright.

Lily, I love you, too.

You are so white and tall.

I love you, dandelion, you are so bright  
and yellow.

Dear violet, you are so sweet, I love  
you best of all."



Fairy May played with the flowers  
till she grew tired.

Then she said, "Oh, dear! I am so  
tired!

Where can I rest?"

"Come to me," said a red rose.

"Rest in my heart."

Fairy May flew right into the heart of  
the rose.



The rose leaves closed around her.  
How happy she was, and how sleepy!  
The rose rocked her and she fell asleep.

“Wake up, May!”

May looked up.

It was her Mother who was calling.

“Oh, Mother, I was sleeping in a red  
rose,” said May.

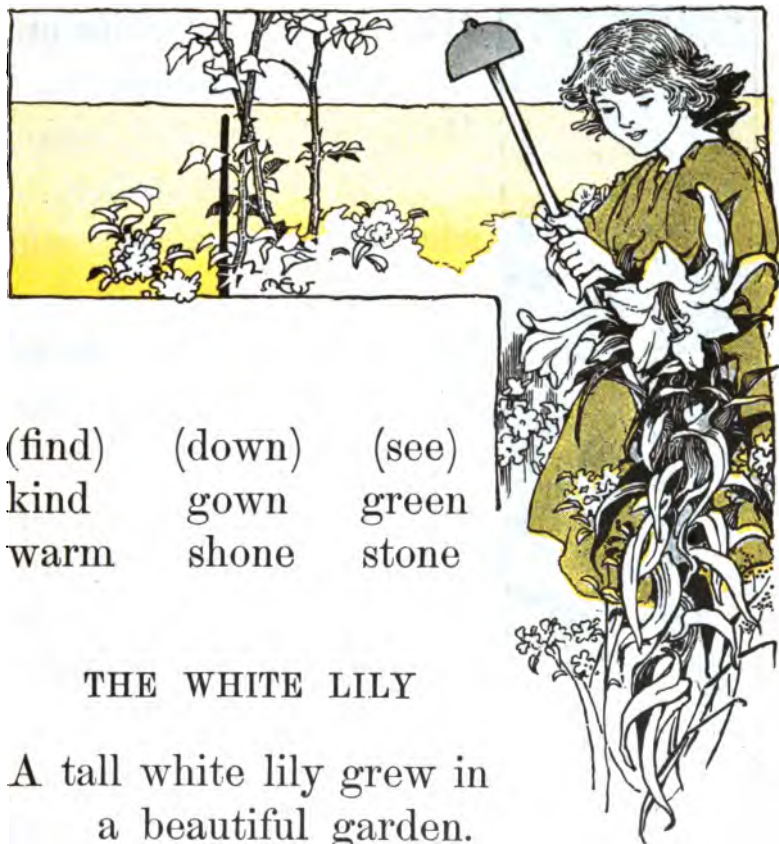
“No, May, you were sleeping on the  
ground,” said Mother.

May looked around.

“Where is the fairy?” she said, “and  
the lily? and the rose?”

*Teacher*

Mother laughed, “They are in your dream, dear.  
You have been asleep in the meadow and you  
dreamed about them.”



(find)	(down)	(see)
kind	gown	green
warm	shone	stone

## THE WHITE LILY

A tall white lily grew in  
a beautiful garden.

She grew near the old stone wall.  
She loved the beautiful garden.



Her dress was white and  
shining green.

Day by day lily grew  
taller and taller.

She grew sweeter and  
sweeter.

One day the sun shone.  
It shone warmer and  
warmer.

Lily could not look up.  
“Dear rain,” she called.  
“Do come to the garden.  
Come, dear kind rain.

Do come to me.  
Give me a drink, please.”  
“Yes, yes, dear lily, I  
am coming,” called  
the rain.

"Look up! look up!

I am coming.

I will be with you soon,  
dear lily."

The bright raindrops fell  
to the ground.

Faster and faster and  
faster they came.

A soft wind blew.

The rain fell softly upon  
the lily.

How glad she was!

"Thank you, dear rain,"  
she said.

"You are so good.

Now I am happy again.

My gown looks new.

How kind you are!"





(leaves)	kept	big	(sun)
leaf	slept	twig	spun
caterpillar	coat	opened	

## THE CATERPILLAR

A caterpillar rested on a lily leaf.  
He was very big and very green.  
He lay very still.

He was very tired.

“Go away,” said the lily, “go away?  
I do not like caterpillars.”

“I am so tired,” said the caterpillar.

“I do not want to go away.

Let me rest, please.

I am so sleepy.

Do let me stay on your leaf.

I will be very still.”

“No! No! Go away,”  
said the lily.

“You must go away.  
You may not stay.  
I will not have you.”



The caterpillar fell from  
the lily leaf.

In his fall he kept hold of  
a little twig.

He was tired, so very tired.

He spun a little coat around him.

Then he fell asleep.

All winter he slept soundly.

In the spring the bright sun shone  
warm.

It shone warmer and warmer.

It shone on the caterpillar's coat.



The caterpillar's coat opened.  
And what do you think came out?  
A caterpillar? No! No! No!  
A wonderful thing! A beautiful butterfly!  
What shining bright wings!  
It flew to the flowers.  
It came flying to the lily.  
The lily said, "Come, beautiful butterfly, come to my sweet blossoms!  
Rest on me, I love you, butterfly.  
You are so bright and beautiful!"

But the butterfly said, "When I was a  
caterpillar, you did not want me.  
You would not let me rest on you  
then.

You said you did not like caterpillars.  
You would not let me stay.  
Now I will not stay with you.  
I will go to the red rose.  
Good-bye, lily, good-bye."



(him)  
dimpled

grass  
cool

(fair)  
hair



## THE DANDELION

O dandelion yellow as gold,  
What do you do all day?

I just wait here in the tall  
green grass  
Till the children come to play.

O dandelion yellow as gold,  
What do you do all night?

I wait and wait till the cool dews  
fall,  
And my hair grows long and white.



And what do you do when your  
hair is white,  
And the children come to  
play?

They take me up in their dimpled  
hands  
And blow my hair away.



gather  
house

buzz  
carry

## THE BEE AND THE GRASSHOPPER

One day in summer a bee met a grasshopper.

“Buzz, buzz,” said the bee.

“Let us make a little house.

I’ll gather honey and carry it to the house.

You gather honey and carry it to the house.

We will keep the honey for winter.

Then we shall have it to eat, and how happy we shall be!”

“I will not gather honey,” said the grasshopper.

Winter and the cold days are far away.

I will play and be happy now.  
Good-bye, little bee, good-bye."

All summer the bee was busy gathering  
honey.

All summer the grasshopper played.

One day in fall the grasshopper met the  
bee.

"The cold days are here now, little  
bee," said the grasshopper.

I will help you make a house.

We will carry your honey to the house.  
Then how happy we shall be!"

"No, I will not," said the bee.

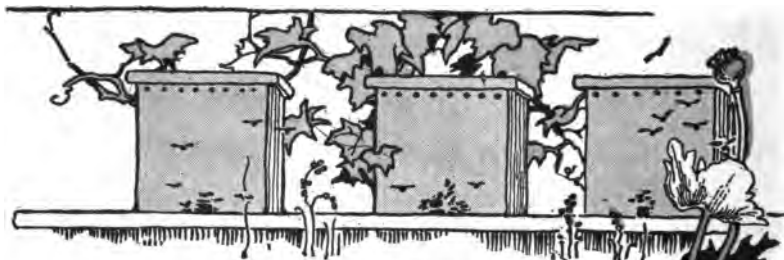
"You would not help me make my house.  
You would not help me gather honey.

Now you shall not live with me.

Good-bye, grasshopper, good-bye."



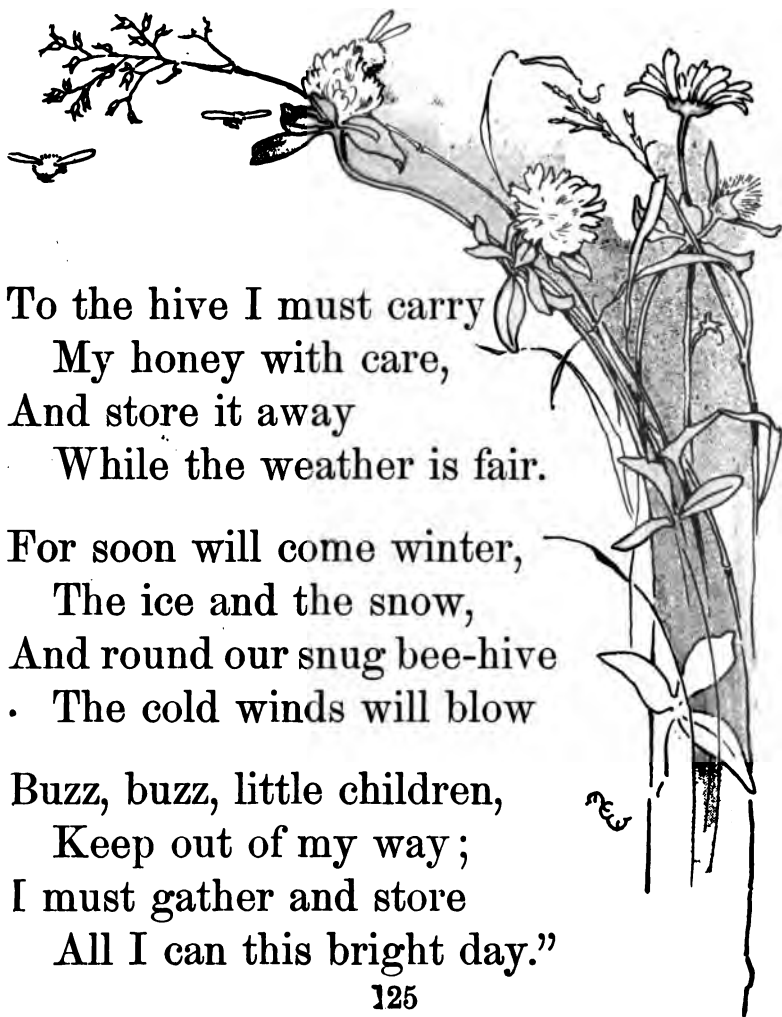
orchard	fields	(over)	hive
weather	visit	clover	store



### THE BEE

“Buzz, buzz,” said the bee,  
“I have much work to do,  
The garden and orchard  
I must search through and  
through.”

I must visit the meadows  
And fields of red clover,  
And search them for honey  
Over and over.



To the hive I must carry  
My honey with care,  
And store it away  
While the weather is fair.

For soon will come winter,  
The ice and the snow,  
And round our snug bee-hive  
The cold winds will blow

Buzz, buzz, little children,  
Keep out of my way ;  
I must gather and store  
All I can this bright day."

(work)  
worker

(store)  
more



## THE BUSY BEE

Hear the bee.

“Buzz, buzz,” he says.

“Keep out of my way!  
I can’t stop for you.”

He is a busy worker.

When the weather is fair

he is busy all day.

He flies through garden and orchard.

He visits all the sweet flowers.



He is searching for honey.

All little flowers are glad to have him  
come to them.

The red clover has more honey than  
many other flowers.

So the bee and clover are friends.

The bee gathers honey from all the  
sweet flowers.

He gathers all he can carry.

Then he flies away.

Over the fields he goes to his hive.

There he stores his honey with care.

He knows the cold winter is coming.

Then he can gather no honey.

There will be no flowers in the  
fields.

The cold winter winds will blow.



Snow will cover fields and flowers.  
But the little bee will be happy.  
He will be safe in his snug hive.  
There he will keep snug and warm.

Now he can eat his store of honey.  
He can eat all he wants.  
He will be glad he worked in summer.  
He will be glad that he has a snug  
warm hive.  
He can sleep and rest waiting for an-  
other summer.  
When it comes he will be busy again.

none

## WHY THE CLOVER IS SWEET

A little fairy flew to a daisy.

"Dear daisy," she said, "will you give me some honey?"

"No, go away," said the daisy.

"I want all the honey I have.

I have none to spare for you."

The fairy flew away to a rose.

"Beautiful rose," she said, "will you give me some honey?"

"You may have just a little honey," said the rose.

"I want my honey.

I can't spare much for you."

"Thank you," said the fairy.

"I will take none of your honey.



You may keep it all."

The fairy flew to the  
clover.

"Little clover," she said,  
"will you give me  
some honey?"

"To be sure I will, little fairy," said  
the clover.

"I am glad to give you some.

Take all you want."

"Thank you," said the fairy.

"You have been kind to me, now I  
will be kind to you.

From this day you shall have more  
honey than any other flower."

That is why the clover is so  
sweet.

thunder      head      pea      piece

## HENNY PENNY

One day Henny Penny was in the garden. It grew dark. Henny Penny looked up. A big black cloud covered the sky. Then she heard the loud thunder.

“Oh, dear,” cried Henny Penny, “where is the blue sky?”

Just then a pea fell and hit her on the head.

“Oh, oh!” she cried, “the sky is falling. I must go and tell the king.”

So she ran and ran until she met Cocky Locky.



"Where are you going, Henny Penny?" said Cocky Locky.

"Oh, Cocky Locky, the sky is falling, and I am going to tell the king," said Henny Penny.

"Is it?" said Cocky Locky. "How do you know?"

"Oh, I saw it with my eyes, I heard it with my ears, and a piece of it fell on my head," cried Henny Penny.

"Oh, dear!" cried Cocky Locky. "I will go with you. Run! run!"

So they ran and they ran until they met Ducky Lucky.

"Good day," said Ducky Lucky. "Where are you going?"

"Oh, Ducky Lucky," cried Cocky

Locky, "the sky is falling, and we are going to tell the king!"

"Is it?" said Ducky Lucky. "How do you know that, Cocky Locky?"

"Henny Penny told me," said Cocky Locky.

"How do you know, Henny Penny?" said Ducky Lucky.

"Oh, I saw it with my eyes, I heard it with my ears, and a piece of it fell on my head," cried Henny Penny.

"Oh, dearie me!" cried Ducky Lucky. "I will go with you. Run! run!"

So they ran and they ran until they met Goosey Loosey.

"Good day," said Goosey Loosey. "Where are you going?"

"Oh, Goosey Loosey," said Ducky

Lucky, "the sky is falling, and we are going to tell the king!"

"How do you know that, Ducky Lucky?" said Goosey Loosey.

"Cocky Locky told me," said Ducky Lucky.

"How do you know, Cocky Locky?" said Goosey Loosey.

"Henny Penny told me," said Cocky Locky.

"How do you know, Henny Penny?" said Goosey Loosey.

"Oh, I saw it with my eyes, I heard it with my ears, and a piece of it fell on my head!" cried Henny Penny.

"Oh, dearie, dearie me!" cried Goosey Loosey, "I will go with you. Run! run!"

So they ran and they ran and they ran and they ran until they met Turkey Lurkey.

"Where are you going?" said Turkey Lurkey.

"Oh, Turkey Lurkey," said Goosey Loosey, "the sky is falling, and we are going to tell the king!"

"How do you know that, Goosey Loosey?" said Turkey Lurkey.

"Ducky Lucky told me," said Goosey Loosey.

"How do you know, Ducky Lucky?" said Turkey Lurkey.

"Cocky Locky told me," said Ducky Lucky.

"How do you know, Cocky Locky?" said Turkey Lurkey.

“Henny Penny told me,” said Cocky Locky.

“How do you know, Henny Penny?” said Turkey Lurkey.

“Oh, I saw it with my eyes, I heard it with my ears, and a piece of it fell on my head!” cried Henny Penny.

“Oh, dear, dear, dear!” cried Turkey Lurkey, “I will go with you. Run! run! run!”

So they ran and they ran until they met Foxey Loxey.

“Where are you going?” said Foxey Loxey.

“Oh, Foxey Loxey,” cried Turkey Lurkey, “the sky is falling, and we are going to tell the king!”

"Do you know where the king lives?"

"I don't," cried Henny Penny.

"I don't," cried Cocky Locky.

"I don't," cried Ducky Lucky.

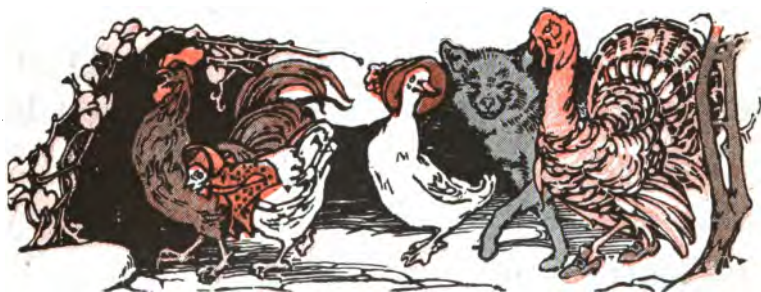
"I don't," cried Turkey Lurkey.

"I do," said Foxey Loxey. "Come with me, and I will show you the way."

Foxey Loxey led them on and on and on until they came to his den.

"Come right in," said Foxey Loxey.

They went in, every one of them, but they never, never came out again.



(pea)

sea

crane

(am)

swam

horse

(wish)

fish

across

## THE CRANE EXPRESS

One fall two little bluebirds flew away for the winter. They flew and flew until they came to the big sea.



“How can we get across this big sea?” they said.

“It is too far to fly and we cannot swim.”

Soon a horse came along.

“Mr. Horse, will you please carry us across the big sea?” said the bluebirds.

“I can carry you over the land,” said the horse. “But I can’t carry you across the sea. I cannot swim.”

"But we must get across," said the little birds. "We are flying away from this cold land."

Soon a duck came along.

"Mrs. Duck, will you please carry us across the big sea?" said the bluebirds.

"I cannot carry you all the way across," said the duck. "I cannot swim so far."

"But we must get across," said the bluebirds.

Soon a fish swam along.

"Mr. Fish, will you please carry us across the big sea?" said the bluebirds.

"Yes, I can carry you across," said the fish. "But if I do, you will get wet. I swim far down in the sea."



“We do not want to get wet,” said the bluebirds. “We will not go with you.”

Soon a very big bird came along. It had big wide wings, and big long legs.

“That is a crane,” said the fish. “He will carry you across the big sea.”

“Mr. Crane, will you please carry us across the big sea?” said the bluebirds.

“I would be glad to,” said the crane. “But, you see, my back is covered with little birds.”

The bluebirds looked. The crane could not carry another bird.

Soon another crane came along. But

his back was covered with little birds, too.

Then another crane came along.

"Mr. Crane, will you please carry us across the big sea?" said the bluebirds.

"Yes," said the crane. "Fly on my back. I am glad to carry you."

The little bluebirds flew to the crane's back. The crane flew away. Far over the big sea he flew. He grew very tired, but still he flew on with the little birds on his back.

At last he was across the big sea. The little birds flew from his back.

"Thank you, Mr. Crane," they said. "Thank you for carrying us to the land of summer."

home  
fire  
door

(look)  
brook  
sung

broom  
burn  
drown



### THE LADYBIRD

One day a ladybird was flying in a garden. A little girl began to sing,



“Ladybird, ladybird,  
Fly away home.  
Your house is on fire —”

“Is it?” cried the ladybird. “Then I must fly home.”

She flew home as fast as she could. Her house was on fire. The ladybird flew right into the burning house.

A fly saw her and began to weep.

The door of the house heard him weeping and said, "Why are you weeping, little fly?"

"Ladybird is burning. That's why I am weeping," said the fly.

"Oh, dear! Oh, dear! Then I shall slam," said the door, and it began to slam as fast as it could.

A broom heard the door slamming.

"Why are you slamming, little door?" said the broom.

"Ladybird is burning;

Little fly is weeping;  
That's why I am  
slamming," said the door.

"Then I will sweep," said the broom, and it began to sweep as fast as it could.



A little brook saw the broom.

“Why are you sweeping,” said the brook.

“Ladybird is burning;  
Little fly is weeping;  
Little door is slamming;  
That’s why I am sweeping,”  
said the broom.

“Then I will run,” said the brook,  
and it began to run as fast as it  
could.

A fire saw the brook.

“Why are you running so fast?”  
said the fire.

“Ladybird is burning;  
Little fly is weeping;  
Little door is slamming;  
Little broom is sweeping;



That's why I am running,"  
said the brook.

"Then I will burn," said the fire, and  
it began to burn.

A tree grew near the fire. It said,  
"Fire, why do you burn?"

"Ladybird is burning;  
Little fly is weeping;  
Little door is slamming;  
Little broom is sweeping;  
Little brook is running;  
That's why I am burning,"  
said the fire.

"Then I will sway," said the  
tree, and it began to sway over a well.

"Tree, why do you sway?" said the  
well.

"Ladybird is burning;



Little fly is weeping ;  
Little door is slamming ;  
Little broom is sweeping ;  
Little brook is running ;  
Little fire is burning ;  
That's why I am swaying," said the tree.  
"Then I will flow," said the well.



The water in the well began to flow.  
It flowed faster and faster. Soon it  
was at the top of the well. It flowed so  
fast that the tree, the fire, the brook,  
the broom, the door, the fly, and the  
ladybird were all drowned!

Don't you wish the little girl had not  
sung that song?



(house)	(eat)	(kept)
mouse	meat	crept
hungry	(saw)	dog
bought	raw	catch

## THE HUNGRY CAT

One day a hungry cat was looking for something to eat. She saw a little gray mouse sitting near his house.

“I will catch that little mouse,” said the hungry cat.

The hungry cat sat down and began to cry, “Mew! mew! mew!”

The little gray mouse jumped up to run into his house. But the cat sat still and mewed again.

“She is sitting still,” said the mouse.



"She does not want to catch me. I will not run away."

"Mew! mew! mew!" said the cat again.

"Why are you crying?" said the mouse.

"Oh, little mouse, I was sweeping my house today," said the cat.

"Good!" said the mouse. "That's nothing to cry about."

*The hungry cat crept nearer.*

"Oh, little mouse," she said, "I found a penny."

"Good!" said the mouse. "You are lucky. That's nothing to cry about."

*The hungry cat crept nearer.*

"Oh, little mouse," she said, "I bought some meat with the penny."

“Good!” said the mouse. “Now you will have meat to eat. That’s nothing to cry about.”

*The hungry cat crept nearer.*

“Oh, little mouse,” she said, “I cooked the meat.”

“Good!” said the mouse. “Now you will not have to eat it raw. That’s nothing to cry about.”

*The hungry cat crept nearer.*

“Oh, little mouse,” she said, “I set it in the door to cool.”

“Good!” said the mouse. “Then it will not burn you. That’s nothing to cry about.”

*The hungry cat crept nearer.*

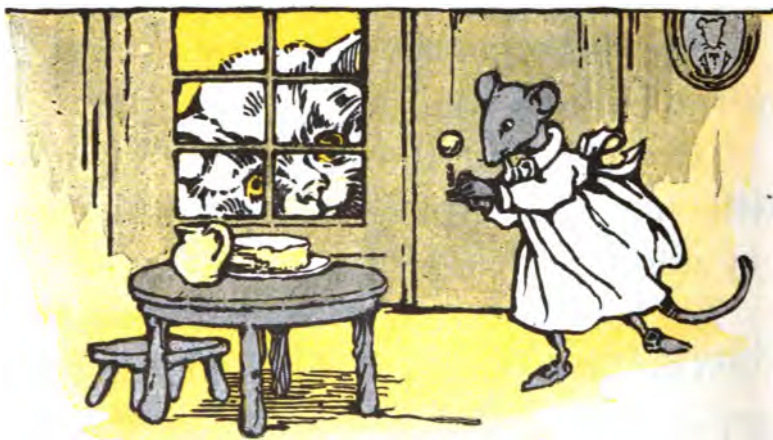
“Oh, little mouse,” she said, “a hungry dog came by and ate my meat.”

“Too bad! too bad!” said the mouse.  
“What will you eat now?”

“You!” cried the cat, and she jumped  
at the little mouse.

But the mouse was too spry. He  
popped into his little house before the  
cat could say, “Mew!”

“No, no, sly pussy,” he said. “You  
will not eat me. You must first catch me.”



(catch)	itself	(place)	legs
scratch	shelf	face	pail
walk	roll	witches	towel

## THE FORTUNE SEEKERS

### *Teacher*

Once upon a time a cock and a hen set out to seek their fortune. They had not gone far when they met a millstone.

### *Children*

"Where are you going?" asked the millstone.

"We are going to seek our fortune," said the cock.

"May I go with you?" asked the millstone.

"How can you come?" said the

hen. "You have no legs. You cannot walk."

"Oh, I can roll along," said the millstone.

"Then you may come," said the cock.

*Teacher*

So the cock and the hen walked, and the millstone rolled, until they met a needle.

*Children*

"Where are you going?" asked the needle.

"We are going to seek our fortune," said the cock.

"May I go with you?" asked the needle.

"How can you come?" said the hen.  
"You cannot walk with one leg."

“Oh, I can hop along,” said the needle.

“Then you may come,” said the hen.

*Teacher*

So the cock and the hen walked, the millstone rolled, and the needle hopped, until they met an egg.

*Children*

“Where are you going?” asked the egg.

“We are going to seek our fortune,” said the cock.

“May I go with you?” asked the egg.

“Can you walk?” asked the hen.

“No, I cannot walk,” said the egg.

“Can you roll?” asked the millstone.

“Yes, I can roll,” said the egg.

“Then you may roll along with me,” said the millstone.

*Teacher*

So the cock and the hen walked, the needle hopped, the millstone and the egg rolled along, until they met a cat and a duck.

*Children*

"Where are you going?" asked the cat.

"We are going to seek our fortune," said the cock.

"May we go with you?" asked the duck.

"Yes, you can walk. You may come," said the hen.

*Teacher*

Away they all walked, hopped and rolled, until they came to a giant's house. The door was open and they went in. No one was at home.

*Children*

"Let us rest here," said the cock.

The cock and the hen flew to a high shelf.

The cat lay down by the fire.

The duck jumped into the water pail, for she wanted a swim.

The egg rolled itself in a towel.

The needle hopped upon the giant's bed.

The millstone rolled to a shelf over the door.

Soon all were fast asleep.

*Teacher*

Then tramp! tramp! tramp! came a loud noise, and into the house walked a big giant.

This giant was the worst giant in the world.



*Children*

“It is cold,” he said, as he walked to the fire.

“Mew! mew!” said the cat, and she flew at the giant and scratched his face.

The giant ran to the water pail to wash his face.

“Quack! quack!” said the duck, and she flew in the giant’s face. Then he had more water than he wanted.

He ran for his towel to dry his face. The egg in the towel broke. His face was covered with egg! His eyes were filled with egg!

“Oh, dear! I cannot see!” he cried.

When he got the egg out of his eyes, he went to his bed to rest. But as soon

as he lay down, the needle scratched his face.

Up jumped the giant.

"There are witches in this house!" he cried. "They will kill me! I will run away from the witches."

"Cock-a-doodle-doo!" cried the cock.

"Cluck! cluck! cluck!" cried the hen.

"I hear you," cried the giant. "You can't catch me! I am going as fast as I can. I don't want to live with witches."

He ran to the door. The millstone rolled down and killed him.

*Teacher*

Everyone was glad to hear that the worst giant in the world was killed, and the cock, the hen, the millstone, the needle, the egg, the cat, and the duck lived in his house always.

## VOCABULARY

Most of the words used in the Aldine Primer are used frequently in this book. The Primer words are not listed in this vocabulary, however; here are given only the words used for the first time in this book.

The number at the right of a word refers to the page on which the word is first used. New words are listed in the text immediately before or after the lesson in which they are used; they are listed after the lesson when they occur in rhymes to be memorized (see Teacher's Manual), before the lesson in all other cases. Words of series that have already been studied (see Teacher's Manual) are not usually listed in the text, but are given in this vocabulary.

A		C	D
about (148)	been (61)		daisy (85)
across (138)	before (150)	called (10)	dandelion (86)
all (45)	began (142)	came (61)	dark (131)
alone (55)	beside (100)	care (54)	darting (95)
along (138)	best (19)	carry (122)	dear (62)
am (20)	big (116)	catch (147)	deep (94)
another (128)	birdies (37)	caterpillar	den (137)
any (130)	black (131)	(116)	dew (109)
apple (85)	blew (43)	cats (59)	did (104)
April (85)	blossoms (85)	clear (95)	dimpled (120)
asked (151)	bough (27)	close (64)	do (54)
ate (149)	bought (147)	cloud (131)	dog (147)
awake (57)	break (35)	clover (124)	don't (137)
awoke (63)	breakfast (27)	cluck (157)	door (142)
	breast (35)	coat (116)	down (35)
	bright (68)	cock (151)	dress (114)
	broke (156)	cooked (149)	drink (104)
	brook (142)	cool (120)	drown (142)
	broom (142)	could (41)	dry (156)
B	burn (142)	cradle (35)	duck (139)
babies (13)	buried (94)	crane (138)	
back (15)	busy (95)	creep (94)	
bad (150)	but (28)	crept (147)	
be (29)	butterfly (103)	cried (131)	
bed (156)	buzz (122)	cry (84)	E
beautiful (86)	by (149)		ears (132)
bee (122)			

eat (104)  
egg (153)  
every (137)  
eye (64)

## F

face (151)  
fair (98)  
fairest (98)  
fairy (103)  
fall (46)  
far (122)  
father (12)  
fed (28)  
feed (27)  
feet (98)  
fell (88)  
fields (124)  
filled (156)  
fire (142)  
first (59)  
fish (138)  
flew (16)  
flies (49)  
flow (146)  
flowers (32)  
fortune (151)  
found (56)  
friends (127)  
full (95)  
fun (81)

## G

garden (85)  
gather (122)  
gay (32)  
get (27)  
giant (155)

give (104)  
gold (120)  
good (12)  
good-bye (102)  
got (59)  
gown (113)  
grass (120)  
grasshopper (122)  
gray (147)  
green (113)  
grew (41)  
grow (32)

## H

had (61)  
hair (120)  
hands (121)  
hat (82)  
head (131)  
hear (95)  
heard (86)  
heart (94)  
help (81)  
hen (152)  
here (52)  
hide (44)  
high (67)  
hill (10)  
hit (131)  
hive (124)  
hold (117)  
home (113)  
honey (104)  
hop (153)  
horse (138)  
house (122)  
hungry (147)

## I

ice (125)  
if (139)  
itself (151)

## J

Jill (10)  
just (103)

## K

keep (122)  
kept (116)  
kill (157)  
kind (113)  
king (131)  
kite (81)  
know (56)

## L

ladybird (142)  
land (45)  
last (54)  
lay (94)  
leaf (116)  
leaves (39)  
led (137)  
legs (151)  
let (49)  
light (68)  
likes (65)  
lily (86)  
live (100)  
longer (49)  
loud (86)  
love (32)  
low (103)  
lucky (148)

## M

made (41)  
makes (74)  
many (96)  
May (16)  
meat (147)  
met (122)  
mew (77)  
might (68)  
millstone (151)  
moon (67)  
more (126)  
mother (12)  
mouse (147)  
Mr. (138)  
Mrs. (20)  
much (124)  
music (95)  
must (28)

## N

near (95)  
needle (152)  
never (103)  
night (68)  
none (129)  
noon (107)  
nothing (148)

## O

oak (51)  
oh (81)  
old (41)  
one (10)  
opened (116)  
orchard (124)  
our (125)  
out (50)

outside (94)  
over (39)

## P

pail (151)  
party (16)  
past (63)  
pea (131)  
peep (41)  
penny (148)  
piece (131)  
plain (95)  
plant (94)  
please (114)  
popped (150)  
pussy (56)

## Q

quack (156)

## R

raindrop (94)  
ran (51)  
raw (147)  
redbreast (27)  
rest (35)  
right (68)  
robin (19)  
rock (35)  
rock-a-bye (35)  
roll (151)  
rose (86)

## S

safe (128)  
sat (147)  
saw (41)  
scratch (151)  
sea (138)  
search (124)  
seed (94)

seek (151)  
set (149)  
shade (54)  
shall (122)  
shelf (151)  
shining (64)  
shines (69)  
shone (113)  
should (64)  
show (137)  
sight (104)  
sitting (10)  
sky (67)  
skyland (100)  
slam (143)  
slept (116)  
sly (150)  
snug (125)  
so (32)  
soft (114)  
soon (35)  
soundly (117)  
spare (129)  
spry (150)  
spun (116)  
stars (64)  
stay (52)  
still (41)  
stone (113)  
stop (44)  
store (124)  
stronger (49)  
summer (45)  
sung (142)  
sure (130)  
swam (138)  
sway (145)  
sweep (143)  
sweet (56)  
swim (138)

## T

take (121)  
tall (9)  
than (127)  
thank (28)  
that (19)  
thee (35)  
their (54)  
then (28)  
thing (118)  
think (56)  
this (56)  
three (9)  
through (64)  
thunder (131)  
tight (68)  
till (47)  
time (95)  
tired (61)  
told (133)  
Tom (81)  
tonight (74)  
too (55)  
top (35)  
towel (151)  
twig (116)  
two (10)

## U

until (131)  
us (138)

## V

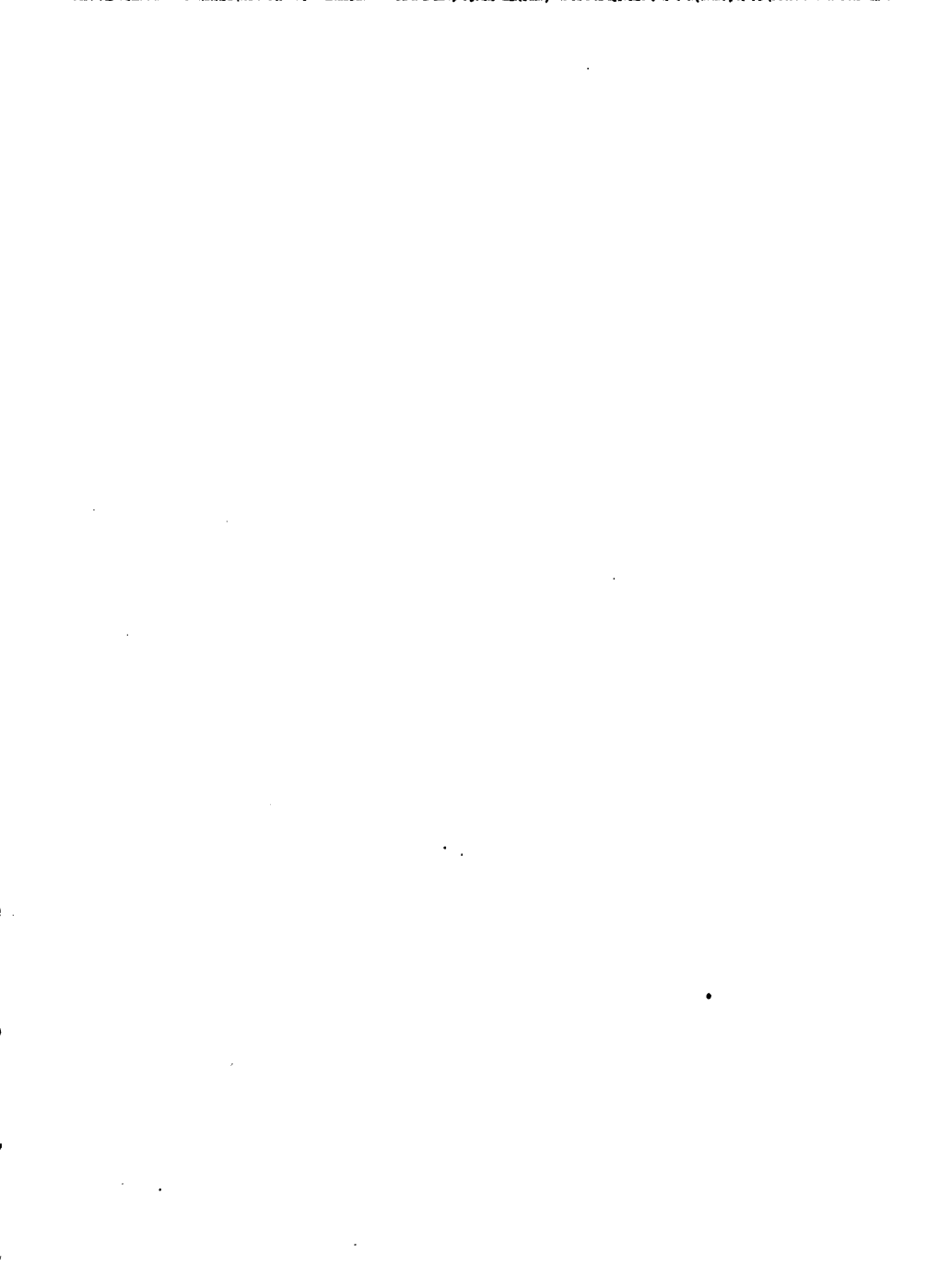
very (56)  
violet (56)  
visit (124)  
voice (94)

## W

wait (120)  
walk (151)  
wall (98)  
warm (113)  
wash (156)  
watch (68)  
watching (68)  
way (76)  
weather (124)  
wee (74)  
weep (142)  
well (56)  
went (77)  
wet (139)  
while (125)  
white (98)  
why (32)  
wide (140)  
will (10)  
willows (56)  
wings (49)  
winter (51)  
wish (74)  
witches (151)  
wonderful (94)  
woodlands (95)  
work (103)  
worker (126)  
world (20)  
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year (95)  
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